

THE  
L O U I S I A N A D.  
C A N T O I.

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[Price HALF A CROWN.]

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.











THE  
LOUSIAD.

AN  
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO I.

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By PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

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Prima Syracosæ, dignata est ludere Versu  
Nostra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia;  
Cum Canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthius Aurem  
Vellit et admonuit— VIRGIL.

I, who so lately in my lyric Lays  
Sung to the Praise and Glory of ROYAL A—s;  
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting Line,  
With OVID's Art, and SAPPHO's Warmth divine;  
Said, (nobly daring!) "MUSE, exalt thy Wings,  
"LOVE and the SONS OF CANVAS quit for KINGS."  
APOLLO, laughing at my Powers of Song,  
Cry'd "PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy Tongue."  
But I, like Poets, self-sufficient grown,  
Reply'd, "APOLLO, prithee hold thy own."

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EIGHTH EDITION,  
WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

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## To the READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is necessary to inform thee, that His Majesty actually discovered some time ago, as he sat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of such a guest can be better imagined than described.

An edict was, in consequence, passed for having the Cooks, Scullions, &c. and the unfortunate Louse condemned to die.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as critical Reader will decide.

The ingenious AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know somewhat of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare, that in his opinion the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer, the *Secchia Rapita* of Taffoni, the *Lutrin* of Boileau, the *Dispensary* of Garth, and the *Rape of the Lock* of Pope, are not to be compared to it,—and to exclaim at the same time with all the modest assurance of an author—

Cedite scriptores Romani, cedite Graii—  
Nil ortum in terris, *Lousiadâ*, melius.

Which, for the sake of the mere English Reader, is thus beautifully translated:—

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and small,  
The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you all.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*THE Proemium — Description of the LOUSE's Fall — History of his Wife and Family — A wonderfully sublime Simile of a Cow — Discovery of the LOUSE by His Majesty — The King's Horror and Astonishment on seeing him — equal to that he felt at Mr. Fox's Attempt on Prerogative — at Mr. Burke's dreadful Defalcation of the Royal Table — equal to that he felt in a Tumble from his Horse — equal to the Horrors of disappointed Venison Eaters — of a Serjeant at Law — of a Country Girl — of a Petit Maitre saluted by a Chimneysweeper — of the Devil when pinched by St. Dunstan's red-hot Tongs — of Lady Worley — of Sam House the Patriot — of Billy Ramus — of Kynaston, the Squire of Leatherhead — of the perjured Christopher Atkinson — of the Prince of Asturias — of the King of Spain — of Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Wilson — Description of His Majesty's Heart — most naturally and wittily compared to a Dumpling — His Majesty's Speech to the Queen — Her Majesty's most gracious and short Answer — The short Speech of the beautiful Princesses — His Majesty's rough Rejoinder — The Fear that came on the Queen and her Children — beautiful Apostrophe to the Princesses — The King's Speech to the Pages — The King unable to eat — The Queen able — The King's Orders about the LOUSE — Description of Dixon the Cook Major — his Speech — A Speech of the Cooks — Fine Simile of Bubble and Squeak; thought more Sublime than that of Homer's Black Pudding — Speech of a Scullion — of a Scullion's Mate — of a Turnbroche — Noble Comparison of a Tartar Monarch after he hath dined — A long and wise Speech of a Yeoman of the Kitchen — The Cooks' Approbation of the Yeoman's Speech — Grand Simile of a Barn and its Lodgers set on Fire by Lightning — The Concluding Speech of the Cook Major.*



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THE  
LOUISIAD.

CANTO THE FIRST.

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THE LOUSE I sing who, from some head unknown,  
Yet born and educated near a throne,  
Dropp'd down—(so will'd the dread decree of Fate,)  
With legs wide sprawling on the Monarch's plate:  
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace,  
Far from the gambols of a tender race,  
Whose little feet he taught with care to tread  
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;  
Led them to daily food with fond delight,  
And taught the tiny wand'ers where to bite;  
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,  
When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:

Far

Far from those pleasing scenes ordain'd to roam,  
 Like wife Ulysses, from his native home;  
 Yet, like that sage, though forc'd to roam and mourn—  
 Like him, alas! not fated to return;  
 Who, full of rags and glory, saw his boy \*  
 And wife † again, and dog ‡ that dy'd for joy.  
 Down dropp'd the luckless LOUSE, with fear appall'd,  
 And wept his wife and children as he sprawl'd.  
 Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,  
 The POET's eye, with sorrow, saw a cow  
 Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,  
 By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep;  
 No more to reign a Queen amongst the cattle,  
 And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle;  
 She fell §, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,  
 With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.

\* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whose history, see the Odyssæy.

§ ——— moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos. VIRG.



Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,  
 The LOUSE; with judge-like gravity, arose :  
 He wanted not a motive to entreat him,  
 Beside the horror that the King might eat him—  
 The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,  
 Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork ;  
 Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,  
 Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.  
 Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away !  
 He might as well have tarried where he lay.  
 Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood  
 Our hungry King amus'd himself with food ;  
 Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)  
 That Kings have appetites like common men ;  
 And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,  
 They feed on solids less refin'd than air.  
 Paint, heav'nly muse, the look, the *very* look,  
 That of the Sov'reign's face possession took

When first he saw the LOUSE, in solemn state,  
 Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!  
 Yet, could a LOUSE a British King surprize,  
 And like a pair of faucers stretch his eyes?  
 The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,  
 Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?  
 Good Lord! (as Somebody sublimely sings,)  
 What great effects arise from *little things*!  
 As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,  
 Who, following Nature's law, have lov'd too well!

Not with more horror did his eyes behold  
 Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,  
 When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,  
 And dear PREROGATIVE was just in chains:  
 Not with more horror did his eye-balls work  
 Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,  
 When guilty of œconomy, the crime!  
 Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,

And,



And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,  
 Cribb'd from the Royal table many a dish—  
 Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,  
 Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;  
 And gaug'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)  
 The Monarch's belly like a cask of ale;  
 Convinc'd that, in his scheme of state-salvation,  
 To *starve*\* the PALACE, was to *save* the NATION:  
 Not more aghast he look'd, when, 'midst the course,  
 He tumbled, in a stag-chase, from his horse,  
 Where all his Nobles deem'd their Monarch dead;  
 But, luckily, he pitch'd upon his HEAD!

\* His Majesty was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma: the apples at dinner time having been, by too great liberality to the Royal children, expended, the King ordered a supply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would positively allow no more. Enraged at the unexpected and unroyal disappointment, he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a PAGE for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the change.

Not

Not VENISON EATERS at the vanish'd fat,  
 With stomachs wider than a Quaker's hat :  
 Not with more horror Mr. Serjeant PLIANT  
 Looks down upon an empty-handed client :  
 Not with more horror stares the rural MAID,  
 By hopes, by fortunetellers, dreams, betray'd,  
 Who fees her ticket a dire blank arise,  
 Too fondly thought the twenty-thousand prize,  
 With which the simple damsel meant, no doubt,  
 To bless her faithful fav'rite, COLIN CLOUT.

Not with more horror stares each lengthen'd feature,  
 Of some fine, fluttering, mincing *Petit-maitre*,  
 When of a wanton chimney-fweeping wag  
 The Beau's white vestment feels the footy bag :  
 Not with more horror did the DEVIL look,  
 When DUNSTAN by the nose the dæmon took,  
 (As gravely say our legendary songs)  
 And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs ;

Not



Not Lady WORSLEY, chaste as *many* a nun,  
 Look'd with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,  
 When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,  
 He held the peeping Captain in his arms ;  
 Like DAVID, that most am'rous little dragon,  
 Ogling sweet BETSHEBA without a rag on :

Not more the great SAM HOUSE \* with horror star'd,  
 By mob affronted to the very beard ;  
 Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)  
 Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,  
 And stuff'd it, 'midst his thunders of applause,  
 Full in the center of Sam's gaping jaws,  
 That forcing down his patriotic throat,  
 Of " Fox and Freedom !" stopp'd the glorious note.

\* In Westminster Hall, where the *sense* (the Author was just about to say *nonsense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

Not with more horror BILLY RAMUS \* star'd,  
 When PUFF †, the Prince's hair-dresser, appear'd  
 Amidst their eating room, with dread design,  
 To *sit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine*!

Not with more horror GLOSTER'S DUTCHESS star'd,  
 When (blest in metaphor!) the King declar'd,  
 That not of all her *mongrel breed*, *one whelp*  
 Should in the Royal kennel ever *yelp*:

\* Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by His Majesty *Billy Ramus*. One of the Pages who shaves the Sovereign, airs his shirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his Royal Highness's hair dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the Prince, with his usual good nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the King and Prince, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair dresser*. The petition was treated with the proper contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have lost their *Cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

Not



Not more that man so sweet, so unprepar'd,  
 The gentle SQUIRE of LEATHERHEAD \*, was scar'd,  
 When, after prayers so good, and rare a sermon,  
 He found his front attack'd by fierce Miss VERNON;  
 Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear!)  
 To pour her FOOT in thunder on his REAR;  
 Who, in God's house †, without one grain of grace,  
 Spit, like a VIXEN, in his WORSHIP's face;  
 Then shook her nails, as sharp's a taylor's shears,  
 That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears:

Not Atkinson ‡ with stronger terror started  
 (Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)

\* Kynafton is the name of the gentleman assailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the Village of Leatherhead, in the County of Surrey, did this profane *salival* assault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynafton, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

‡ Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory is sufficiently known to the public.

When

When JUSTICE, a fly dame, one day thought fit  
 To pay her serious compliments to KIT ;  
 Ask'd him a few short questions about *corn*,  
 And whisper'd, she believ'd he was *forsworn* ;  
 Then hinted, that he probably would find,  
 That though she sometimes wink'd, she was not blind.

Not more ASTURIAS' Princesses \* look'd affright,  
 At breakfast, when her spouse, the unpolite,  
 Hurl'd, madly heedless both of time and place,  
 A cup of boiling coffee in her face ;  
 Because the fair one eat a butter'd roll,  
 On which the selfish Prince had fix'd his soul :  
 Not more astonish'd look'd that Prince to find  
 His royal father to his face unkind ;

\* This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

Who,



Who, to the cause of injur'd beauty won,  
 Seiz'd on the proud Proboscis of his son,  
 (Just like a tyger of the Lybian shade,  
 Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade,)  
 And led him, till that son its durance freed,  
 By asking pardon for the brutal deed ;  
 Led him thrice round the room (the story goes)  
 Who follow'd with great gravity his nose,  
 Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are stiff stuff)  
 To ask no pardon, though the snout came off :  
 Not more astonish'd look'd that Spanish King\*,  
 Whene'er he miss'd a snipe upon the wing :

\* His Most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT ; and it is well known, that even on those days when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

E

Not

Not more astonish'd look'd that King of Spain,  
 To see his gun-boats blazing on the main :  
 Not Doctor Johnson more, to hear the tale  
 Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale ;  
 Nor Doctor Wilson, child of am'rous folly,  
 When young Mac Clyfter bore off *Kate* Macaulay\*.

What dire emotions shook the Monarch's soul !  
 Just like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,  
 Whilst anger all his Royal HEART possess'd,  
 That swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast,  
 Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might so stout,  
 As resolutely bent on jumping out,  
 T' avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire disgrace,  
 And nobly spit in the offender's face.  
 Thus a large Dumpling to its cell confin'd,  
 (A very apt allusion to my mind)

\* The fair Historian.



Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,  
Then buftles 'midft the tempeft of the pot :  
In vain !—the lid keeps down the child of dough,  
That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

“ Oh ! deareft partner of my throne !” he cries,  
(Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)  
“ Thou brighteft gem of George's Royal Houfe,  
“ Look there, and tell me if that's not a LOUSE !”  
The Queen look'd down, and then exclaim'd, “ Good la !”  
And with a fmile the dappl'd STRANGER faw :  
Each Princess ftrain'd her lovely neck to fee,  
And, with another fmile, exclaim'd, “ Good me !”  
“ Good la ! Good me ! is that all you can fay ?”  
(Our gracious Monarch cry'd, with huge difmay.)  
“ What ! what a filly vacant fmile take place  
“ Upon your Majefty's and Children's face,  
“ Whilft that vile LOUSE (foon, foon to be unjointed !)  
“ Affronts the prefence of the LORD's ANOINTED !”

Dafh'd,

Dash'd, as if tax'd with Hell's most deadly sins,  
 The Queen and Princesses drew in their chins,  
 Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,  
 And very prudent, ' *word spake never more.*'  
 Sweet Maids! the beauteous boast of Britain's isle  
 Speak—were those peerless lips forbid to smile?  
 Lips! that the soul of simple Nature moves—  
 Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the LOVES!  
 Lips of delight! unstain'd by Satire's gall!  
 Lips! that I never kiss'd—and never shall.

Now, to each trembling Page, as mute's a mouse,  
 The *pious* Monarch cried, "Is this *your* LOUSE?"  
 "Ah! Sire," (replied each Page with pig-like whine)  
 "An't please your Majesty, it is not *mine*."  
 "Not *thine*?" (the hasty Monarch cried agen)  
 "What? what? what? what? what? who the devil's then?"

Now at this sad event the Sovereign, fore  
 Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more;

His



His wifer Queen, her gracious stomach studying,  
 Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding;  
 For GERMANS are a very hearty sort,  
 Whether begot in Hog-styes or a Court,  
 Who bear (which shews their hearts are not of stone)  
 The ills of others better than their own.

Grim terror seiz'd the souls of all the Pages,  
 Of different sizes, and of different ages;  
 Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,  
 They on each other gap'd like Jacob's sons!

Now to a PAGE, but *which* we can't determine,  
 The growling Monarch gave the plate and vermin:  
 " Watch well that blackguard animal," he cries,  
 " That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies!  
 " Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,  
 " Or GEORGE shall play the devil in the house.

“ Some SPIRIT whifpers, that to Cooks I owe

“ The precious VISITOR that crawls below ;

“ Yes, yes ! the whisp’ring SPIRIT tells me true,

“ And soon shall vengeance all their locks purfue.

“ Cooks, fcourers, fcullions too, with tails of pig,

“ Shall lofe their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig.”

Thus roar’d the KING—not Hercules fo BIG ;

And all the Palace echo’d——“ Wear a wig !”

FEAR, like an ague, ftruck the pale-nos’d Cooks——  
And dafh’d the beef and mutton from their looks ;  
Whilst from each cheek the rofe withdrew its red,  
And PITY blubber’d o’er each menac’d head.

But lo ! the great COOK-MAJOR\* comes ! his eyes  
Fierce as the redd’ning flame that *roasts* and *fries* ;  
His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high paffion glowing,  
Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER’s when *blowing* :

\* DIXON.



A neat white apron his huge corps embrac'd,  
 Tied by two comely strings about his waist:  
 An apron that he purchas'd with his riches,  
 To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches—  
 An apron that, in Monmouth Street high hung,  
 Oft to the winds with sweet deportment swung,

“ Ye sons of Dripping, on your MAJOR look !  
 (In sounds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)  
 “ By this white apron, that no more can hope  
 “ To join the piece in Mr. INKLE's shop ;  
 “ That oft hath held the best of Palace meat,  
 “ And from this forehead wip'd the briny sweat ;  
 “ I swear this head disdains to lose its locks,  
 “ And those that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS :  
 “ Whose head, my Cooks, such vile disgrace endures ?  
 “ Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours ?  
 “ Ten thousand crawlers in that HEAD be hatch'd,  
 “ For ever itching, but be never scratch'd.

“ Then

“ Then may the charming perquisite of greafe  
 “ The Mammon of your pocket ne’er increafe ;—  
 “ Greafe ! that so frequently hath brought you coin,  
 “ From Veal, Pork, Mutton, and the Great SIR LOIN.  
 “ O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks—  
 “ Lo ! to no KING on earth I yield these locks.  
 “ Few are my hairs behind, by age endear’d !—  
 “ But, few or many, they shall not be shear’d.

“ Sooner shall Madam SCHWELLENBERG \*, the jade,  
 “ Yield up her fav’rite perquisites of trade,  
 “ Give up her sacred Majesty’s old gowns,  
 “ Caps, petticoats, and aprons, without frowns :  
 “ She ! who for ever studies mischief—She !  
 “ Who soon will be as busy as a bee,  
 “ To get the liberty of locks enslav’d,  
 “ And ev’ry harmless cook and scullion shav’d—

† Mistress of the Robes to Her Majesty.

“ She,



- “ She, if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,  
 “ By some insinuating tongue betray’d,  
 “ Induc’d the fair forbidden fruit to taste,  
 “ Grows, luckless, somewhat bigger in the waist;  
 “ Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,  
 “ Grac’d with the pretty names of B--ch and W---,  
 “ To range a prostitute upon the Town,  
 “ Or, if the weeping wretch think better, drown:—  
 \* “ But, if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER fails,  
 “ Whose nose grows sharper, and whose shape tells tales;  
 “ Hush’d is th’ affair!—the QUEEN and SHE, good dame,  
 “ Both club their wits to hide the growing shame;  
 “ To wed her, get some fool—I mean some wise man;  
 “ Then dub the prudent Cuckold an Exciseman:  
 “ She! who hath got more insolence and pride,  
 “ God mend her heart! than half the world beside:  
 “ She! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,  
 “ Heav’n help her stomach! than ten men can eat!

“ Ten men!—aye, more than ten,—the hungry HAG!—  
 “ Why, zounds! the woman’s stomach’s like a bag:  
 “ She! who will swell the uproar of the house,  
 “ And tell the KING damn’d lies about the LOUSE;  
 “ When probably that louse (a vile old trull!)  
 “ Was born and nourish’d in her own gray scull.

“ Sooner the room shall buxom NANNY\* *quit*,  
 “ Where oft she charms her master with her wit—  
 “ Tells tales of ev’ry body, ev’ry thing,  
 “ From honest courtiers to the thieves who swing—  
 “ Waits on her SOV’REIGN while he reads dispatches,  
 “ And wisely *winds up* state affairs or watches:

“ Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav’n his income mend!)  
 “ Shall quit his bottle, mistress, or his friend—  
 “ Laugh at the drop on MISERY’s languid eye,  
 “ And hear her finking voice without a sigh;

\* Buxom Nanny — a female servant of the Palace, who constantly attends the King when he reads dispatches

“ Break



“ Break for the wealth of realms his sacred word,  
 “ And let the world write *coward* on his sword ; —  
 “ Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part !  
 “ And stuffing leave a calf’s or bullock’s heart !  
 “ Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard !  
 “ And from the codlin tart be torn the custard :  
 “ Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,  
 “ And all our melted butter turn to oil :  
 “ Sooner our pious KING, with pious face,  
 “ Sit down to dinner without saying grace ;  
 “ And ev’ry night salvation pray’rs put forth,  
 “ For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North :  
 “ Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,  
 “ And dishclouts stick eternal to our tails !  
 “ Let GEORGE view MINISTERS with furly LOOKS,  
 “ Abuse ’em, kick ’em—but revere his COOKS ! ” —  
 “ What, lose our locks ! ” reply’d the roasting Crew,  
 “ To Barbers yield ’em ? — Damme if we do !  
 “ Be shav’d like foreign Dogs one daily meets,  
 “ Naked and blue, and shiv’ring in the streets ?

“ And

" And from the Palace be ashamed to range,  
 " For fear the world should think we had the mange;  
 " By taunting boys made weary of our lives,  
 " Broad-grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!"——

" Rouse, OPPOSITION!" roar'd a tipsey Cook,  
 With hands a-kimbo, and bubonic look,  
 " 'Tis SHE alone our noble curls can keep——  
 " Without HER, MINISTERS would fall asleep:  
 " 'Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES, PITTS,  
 " And sharpens, whetstone-like, the Nation's wits:  
 " Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,  
 " And, broom-like, sweeps the cobwebs of the State:  
 " In casks like sulphur that expells bad air,  
 " And makes, like thunder-claps, foul weather fair;  
 " Acts like a gun, that, fir'd at gather'd foot,  
 " Preserves the chimney and the house to boot:  
 " Or, like a school-boy's whip, that keeps up tops,  
 " The sinking Realm, by flagellation, props.

" Our



- “ Our Monarch must not be indulg’d too far ;  
 “ Besides ! I love a little bit of war.  
 “ Whether to crop our curls he boasts a right,  
 “ Or not, I do not care the Louse’s bite ;  
 “ But then, no force-work ! No ! No force, by Heav’n !  
 “ COOKS ! YEOMEN ! SCOURERS ! we will not be driv’n.  
 “ Try but to force a PIG against his will,  
 “ Behold ! the sturdy GENTLEMAN stands still !  
 “ Or, p’rhaps, (his pow’r to let the driver know)  
 “ Gallops the very road he should not go—  
 “ No force for me !—The FRENCH, the fawning dogs,  
 “ E’en let *them* lose their freedom, and eat frogs—  
 “ Damme ! I hate each pale soupe-meagre thief—  
 “ Give me my darling liberty and beef.”

He spoke—and from his jaws a lump he slid,  
 And, swearing, manful flung to earth his QUID.  
 Then swelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to rest,  
 Whilst wild emotions labour’d in his breast—

H

Now

Now sounds confus'd his anger made him mutter,  
And when he thought on shaving, curses sputter.  
Such is the sound (the simile's not weak)  
Form'd by what mortals BUBBLE \* call, and SQUEAK,  
When 'midst the fryingpan, in accents savage,  
The beef so furly quarrels with the cabbage.

“ Be shav'd,” a Scullion loud began to bellow,  
Loud as a parish bull, or poor OTHELLO,  
Plac'd by that rogue IAGO upon thorns,  
With all the horrors of a pair of horns :  
Loud as th' EXCISEMAN †, struggling for his life,  
And panting in a most inglorious strife ;

When,

\* The modest Author of the LOUSIAD must do himself the justice to declare here, that his simile of the Bubble and Squeak is vastly more natural and more sublime than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the motions and emotions of his Hero ULYSSES.

(Vid. ODYSSEY.

† This affair happened a few years since—An Exciseman seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a Princess, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almost scratched his  
eyes



When on his face the smuggling Princess sprung,  
And, cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

“ Be shav’d like pigs !” rejoin’d the Scullion’s Mate,  
His dishclout shaking, and his pot-crown’d pate——

“ What barber dares it, let him watch his nose,

“ And, curse me ! dread the rage of these ten toes.”

So saying, with an oath to raise one’s hair,

He kick’d with threat’ning foot the yielding air.——

Thus have I seen an *ASS* (baptiz’d a *JACK*)  
Grac’d by a *CHIMNEYSWEEPER* on his back,  
Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,  
In imitation of a *HORSE* of *QUALITY*.

“ Be shav’d !” an understrapper *TURNBROCHE* cry’d,  
In all the foaming energy of pride,

eyes out—the Exciseman made a formal complaint to the King, begging  
to be reliev’d from the disgrace.—The gallant Monarch returned for an-  
swer, that he gave up the duties to his cousin the Princess, but could not  
conceive how the hand of a fair Lady could dishonour the face of an  
Exciseman.

“ Zounds !

- “ Zounds ! let us take His Majesty in hand !——  
 “ The King shall find he lives at our command :  
 “ Yes ; let him know, with all his wond’rous state,  
 “ His teeth and stomach on *our* wills shall wait :  
 “ *We* rule the platters, *we* command the spit,  
 “ And George shall have his mefs when *we* think fit ;  
 “ Stay till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,  
 “ And then, if *we* think proper, have his meat.”

Thus having fed on venison rather coarse,  
 A colt, or crocodile, or dish of horse,  
 The TARTAR quits his smoaky hut with scorn,  
 Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn ;  
 And treating MONARCHS like his slaves or swine,  
 Informs them they have liberty to dine.

“ Heav’ns ! ” cry’d a YEOMAN, with much learning grac’d,  
 In books as well as meat, a man of taste,  
 Who read with vast applause the daily news,  
 And kept a close acquaintance with the MUSE ;

Conundrum,



Conundrum, Rebus made—Acroftic, Riddle,  
And fung his dying fonnets to the fiddle,  
When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd'ring thief!  
His heart had fpitted, like a piece of beef:

“ Are thefe,” he faid, “ of KINGS, the whims and jokes?

“ Then KINGS can be as mad as common folks.

“ DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE's head ſhe makes,

“ No more concern about the infide takes,

“ Than of the infide of a Bug's or Bat's,

“ A Flea's, a Graſhopper's, a Cur's, a Cat's!

“ As carelefs as the ARTIST, trunks defigning,

“ About the trifling circumſtance of lining;

“ Whether of Cumberland he uſe the Plays,

“ Miſs Burney's Novels, or Miſs Seward's Lays;

“ Or ſacred Dramas of Miſs Hannah More,

“ Where all the NINE, with little MOSES, ſnore;

“ Or good Squire Pindar's Odes, or Wharton's ſtick,

“ Or Horace Walpole's Doubts upon King Dick,

" Who furious drives, at times, his old goose quill,  
 " On *Strawb'rry*, (Reader!) not th' *Aonian Hill*;  
 " Whether he doom the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,  
 " Or *those* of Lords and Commons to the King;  
 " Where *one* begs money, and the *others* grant  
 " So easy, freely, friendly, complaisant,  
 " As if the cash were really all their own,  
 " To purchase *Knick-knacks*\* that disgrace a throne.  
 " Ah, me! did people know what trifling things  
 " Compose those idols of the Earth call'd *Kings*,  
 " Those counterpart of that *important fellow*,  
 " The Children's wonder—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO;  
 " Who struts upon the stage his hour away;  
 " His outside, gold—his inside, rags and hay;

\* The Civil List, we are inclin'd to think, feels deficiencies from toys  
 —For an instance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-descript of a  
 time-piece at the Queen's House, which cost nearly two thousand pounds.  
 The same artist is also allowed 200l. per annum to keep the bauble in  
 repair.



“ No more as God’s Vicegerents would they shine,  
 “ Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE.

“ Those LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have seen,  
 “ Sunk, by the merest trifles, with the spleen—  
 “ Oft for an ill-dress’d egg have heard them groan,  
 “ And seen them quarrel for a mutton bone :  
 “ At salt or vinegar, with passion, fume,  
 “ And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room\*.

“ Alas ! how often have we heard them grunt,  
 “ Whene’er the rushing rain hath spoil’d a HUNT !  
 “ Their sanguine wishes cross’d, their spirits clogg’d,  
 “ Mere riding dishclouts homeward they have jogg’d ;

\* This is partly a picture of the last reign as well as the present. The passions of George the Second were of the most impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot balls of his ill humours—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot benevolence—but he was a Prince of virtues—*ubi plurimum, non ego paucis offendar maculis.*

“ Poor

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No

- “ Poor imps ! the sport (with all their pride and pow’r)  
 “ Of NATURE’S diuretic stream—a show’r !  
 “ This *we*, the actors in the farce, perceive ;  
 “ But *this* the *distant* world will ne’er believe,  
 “ Who fancy KINGS to all the virtues born,  
 “ Ne’er by the vulgar storms of passion torn ;  
 “ But, blest with souls so calm, like Summer seas,  
 “ That smile to Heav’n, unruffled by a breeze :  
 “ Who think that KINGS, on wisdom always fed,  
 “ Speak sentences like BACON’S brazen head ;  
 “ Hear from their lips the vilest nonsense fall,  
 “ Yet think some heav’nly spirit dictates all ;  
 “ Conceive their bodies of cœlestial clay,  
 “ And, though all ailment, sacred from decay ;  
 “ To nods and smiles their gaping homage bring,  
 “ And thank their GOD their eyes have seen a KING !  
 “ Lord ! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER  
 “ Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,  
 “ To country Squires, and wives of country Squires ;  
 “ Like stuck pigs staring, how each oaf *admires* !

“ Lo !



- “ Lo! ev’ry syllable becomes a GEM!  
 “ And if, by chance, the Monarch cough, or hem,  
 “ Seiz’d with the symptoms of a deep surprise,  
 “ Their joints with rev’rence tremble, and their eyes  
 “ Roll wonder first; then, shrinking back with fear,  
 “ Would hide behind the brains, were any there.  
 “ How taken is this idle world by show!  
 “ Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow;  
 “ Preferring, with a foul as black as foot,  
 “ A rogue on horseback, to a faint on foot.  
 “ See FRANCE, see PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,  
 “ And mark the desert of each DESPOT’s brain;  
 “ Whose tongues should never treat with taunts a FOOL;  
 “ Who prove that nothing is too mean to rule.  
 “ What could the PRINCE, high tow’ring like a steeple,  
 “ Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE?  
 “ Go, like the King of Babylon\*, to grafs,  
 “ Or wander, like a beggar with a pafs!

\* Nebuchadnezzar.

" However *modern* **KINGS** may **Cooks** despise,  
 " **WARRIORS** and **KINGS** were cooks, or Hist'ry lies—  
 " **PATROCLUS** broild beef steaks to quell his hunger:  
 " The mighty **AGAMEMNON** potted conger!—  
 " And **CHARLES** of **SWEDEN**, 'midst his guns and drums,  
 " Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.  
 " Be shav'd!—No!—sooner pill'ries, jails, the stocks,  
 " Shall pinch this corps, than **BARBERS** snatch my locks."—  
 " Well hast thou said," a Scowrer bold rejoin'd—  
 " Damme! I love the man who speaks his mind."  
 Then in his arms the orator he took,  
 And swore he was an angel of a Cook.  
 Awhile he held him with a Cornish hug;  
 Then seiz'd, with glorious grasp, a pewter mug,  
 Whose ample womb nor cyder held nor ale,  
 But nectar fit for **JOVE**, and brew'd by **THRALE**.  
 " A health to **Cooks**," he cried, and wav'd the pot,  
 " And he who fights for titles is a sot—  
 " Let **Dukes** and **Lords** the world in wealth surpass—  
 " Yet many a **Lion's** skin conceals an **Ass**.

Lo!



“ Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,  
 “ To think the greatest men the greatest fools :  
 “ The GREAT are judges of an opera song—  
 “ And fly a Briton’s for a Eunuch’s tongue ;  
 “ Can starve their families to hear BABINIS,  
 “ Gaunt PACCHIAROTIS, fat-rump’d, squab RAUZZINIS ;  
 “ Thus idly squand’ring for a squawl their riches—  
 “ To faint with rapture at those cats in breeches.  
 “ Accept this truth from me, my lads—the man  
 “ Who first found out a spit, or fryingpan,  
 “ Did ten times more towards the public good,  
 “ Than all the tawdry titles since the flood :  
 “ Titles! that KINGS may grant to asses, mules,  
 “ The scorn of sages, and the boast of fools.”

He ended—All the Cooks exclaim’d, “ Divine!”  
 Then whisper’d one another, ’twas “ damn’d fine!”  
 Thus spoke the SCOWRER like a man inspir’d,  
 Whose speech the HEROES of the kitchen fir’d :

Grooms,

Grooms, Master Scowrers, Scullions, Scullions' Mates,  
 With all the Overseers of knives and plates,  
 Felt their brave souls like frisky cyder work,  
 Whizzing in opposition to the cork :  
 Earth's Potentates appear'd ignoble things,  
 And Cooks of greater consequence than Kings ;  
 Such is the pow'r of words, where truth unites,  
 And such the rage that injur'd worth excites !  
 The SCOWRER's speech, indeed, with reason blest,  
 Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the rest :  
 Thus if a barn Heav'n's vengeful light'ning draw,  
 The flame ethereal darts amongst the straw ;  
 Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice and rats,  
 And (if unfortunately mousing) cats ;  
 All feel the fierce devouring fire in turn,  
 And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

" Sons of the SPIT," the Major cry'd again,  
 " Your noble speeches prove you blest with brain ;

" Brain !



“ Brain ! that Dame Nature gives not ev’ry head,  
 “ But fills the vast vacuity with lead !——  
 “ Yet ere for opposition we prepare,  
 “ And fight the glorious cause of heads of hair,  
 “ Methinks ’twould be but decent to petition,  
 “ And tell the King, with firmness, our condition :  
 “ Soon as our sad complaint he hears us utter,  
 “ His gracious heart may melt away like butter ;  
 “ Fair Mercy shine amidst our gloomy house,  
 “ And anger’d Majesty forget the LOUSE.”

END OF CANTO I.

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Six Turnbroches	

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